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Literary Supplement

The Gateway



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Literary Supplement

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BALLADE OF THE MALCONTENTS

Oh, the heat is stifling in Grub Street today.
Not a breath stirs, not the tiniest sigh.
The dust lies thick on the ledgers grey.
We scribble on, my partner and I
And try to forget the heat that's nigh,
Searing our souls. Figures begin to blur.
We look through the window and see the stir
Of men on the docks and can hear the hail
Of a swarthy bo's'un, sea-wanderer—
Brother, she leaves in an hour—let's sail!

The old man'll curse in the same old way;
Let him curse, we'll be out under the sky.
Dear God! The clear sky—why, it's blue today!
There are winds out there where the sea-gulls
fly,
North winds that smell of the sea and the high
Lone peaks of the Arctic; winds that purr
And whistle through the cordage; that bestir
And set your heartstrings singing to the gale—
Comrade, we'll go. There's naught now to deter;
Brother, she leaves in an hour—let's sail!

She's bound for the tropics and East, they say;
Would you like to see gibbering Malays vie
With bags of copra and coral gay
To urge yon swart bo's'un and us to buy?
Or lie under palms where the south winds sigh
Old tales that the creaming breakers aver,
Old tales that savor of incense and myrrh.
Here's money at hand, we'll not scruple or fail,
We'll act now or never, nor stop to demur.
Brother, she leaves in an hour—let's sail!

ENVOI

Oh, it's come at last, the old urge to spur
On to new places that free men prefer.
We'll set our feet on the ancient trail;
Brother, she leaves in an hour—let's sail!

—J. D. C.

FLIRTATION

How many times each man or maid
Has lightly vowed, "I love you."
A hundred dates with as many mates,
And each time the same, "I love you."

And so the dangerous game goes on.
If a heart breaks one deftly screens it;
For the saddest fact of each playful pact
Is that one of them always means it.

—Emily Horricks.

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM COWPER

By J. E. H.

A passing suggestion made in the lecture room has led me to browse around in the letters of William Cowper. It is, as one biographer has said, a collection of letters seldom taken from the shelf. I may never have opened the volume but for the recommendation of it I had heard, for some vague impressions regarding Cowper's hypochondria were sufficient to have prejudiced me against his letters as most probably being somewhat gloomy and dull. Yet, on reflection, it is evident that the writer of John Gilpin must have possessed a vein of humour making him worthy of better acquaintance. That such is the case will be perceived even on a cursory reading of his letters. True, some bear the impress of his melancholy, but others are written in a lively spirit, while most of them exhibit a quiet, playful humour that is quite delightful.

Unworldly recluse though he was, the gentle poet could clearly see and thoroughly enjoy the amusing or the ridiculous wherever he met it. The effectiveness with which he could narrate what delighted his sense of humour can only be appreciated as the letters are read. On occasion, he can take a particular theme and discourse in serio-comic style upon it. His disquisition on the morality and convenience of face painting is an example, and one to be read by all who are of the gentler sex. He is happiest, however, in recounting amusing incidents of village life, or of his own experiences; as when he tells "how the beadle thrashed the thief, the constable the beadle, and the lady the constable, and how the thief was the only person concerned who suffered nothing"; or of the tea-urn that must be replaced because "a parson once, as he walked across the parlour, pushed it down with his belly, and it never perfectly recovered itself"; and of the beggar who was given some vermicelli soup, ladled it awhile, and then returned it saying, "I am a poor man it is true, and I am very hungry; but yet, I cannot eat broth with maggots in it." Or there is the doubtful compliment accompanying a request made of himself to write some verses to be annexed to the annually published bill of mortality of a nearby town. Cowper suggested a local verse-maker as being a suitable person. Back came the reply, "Alas! sir, I have heretofore borrowed help from him, but he is a gentleman of so much reading, that the people of our town cannot understand him."

Only occasionally are there references to the world beyond the secluded village life. Dr. Samuel Johnston is sometimes mentioned. Before this autocrat of the literary world Cowper's gentle spirit shrinks, for while he grants a request that his first publication be shown to the Doctor, he adds,

"though I well know that one of his pointed sarcasms, if he should be displeased, would soon find its way into all companies, and spoil the sale." At another time the poet censures the severity of Dr. Johnson's criticism of Milton, saying, "the Doctor, in order, I suppose, to convince his royal patron of the sincerity of his monarchical principles, has belaboured that great poet's character with the most industrious cruelty." Then follows a warm criticism of the critic, concluding with the delightful exclamation, "Oh! I could thrash his old jacket till I made his pension jingle in his pockets."

The value of the letters as affording a study in prose style is not inconsiderable. They display a winsome simplicity and easy grace that is well worth careful study.

But their real charm consists in the delightful delineation of the poet's own world and in those self-revealing qualities whereby we get to know and to love the man. Of course, his was a small world, and its concerns mere trivialities, but Cowper had the power, to a remarkable degree, of investing trivial things with interest when he described them. He himself is revealed as a man to be compassionated, not as a weak man so much as a man compassed by weaknesses. But he is also seen as a man to be admired and loved. To be admired for the quality of sterling sincerity that shines through these unaffected letters, and to be loved for that tender humanity which was poured forth in his poetry as a balm for men, and is so intimately revealed in him by his letters.

The book is not one to be read by those whose movie-stimulated taste demands a succession of thrills for leisure moments, but for such as can enjoy a quiet stroll through a literary bypath there is both rest and entertainment in its pages.

"AIN'T NATURE GRAND!"

"Well, we are here at last," I said to my friend, as I beached the canoes. "My, it is a wonderful place—the clear air, the quiet solitude; to quote an ancient saying, 'Ain't nature grand!'"

The tent was soon erected, and before sundown six beautiful eggs were frying over the fire and were casting their aroma to the wilds. All was peaceful, blissful, enjoyable. We were in bed by nine, as we were tired from the day's long paddling. We floated off into dreamland, and left the peaceful world bathed in a smoky haze.

At ten my slumbers were rudely rent by a yell from my friend.

"Hey! What is the matter?" I cried.

"One of those damned slimy garter snakes crawled in bed to keep me warm," came my friend's angry reply.

"Shucks, you will never be a woodm——" I broke short.

"What's wrong with you?" my friend asked.

"Dashed spider nearly bit a leg off me," I said.

"Ha! ha!" came a derisive laugh. "Go to sleep, you big he-man."

The next interruption came at an unearthly hour in the morning. I was shaken to sensibility by my friend. The world was swept by a howling wind which drove hissing rain into my face.

"What's wrong?" I screeched.

"Oh, nothing—nothing—only the tent has gone!"

"By Jove, it has!" said I, in amazement. "Where?"

My friend's silence was eloquent. It spoke volumes.

"Oh, well," I said, in an attempt to 'laugh it off,' "we can weather the night and go home tomorrow. Too bad, in a way."

"Yes, and we walk!" came the reply.

"Walk?" said I; "walk when we can ride? No, sir; not for me!"

"Well, a tree has just blown over on the canoe, and if you can find enough of it to float a small feather I hail you as the eighth wonder. Personally, I'm walking. Oh, ain't nature grand!"

—R. W. Pingle.

KATE

or

The Girl Who Would Not Read the Text.

Her parents had sent little Kate
To be an undergraduate.

'Twould be, they said, their proudest day

When she came home with her B.A.

All the first term she did her best;

She polished off the Christmas test,

And in the spring she got a pass,

In fact she took a second class.

But when the child became a Soph.,

Her record went distinctly off.

It shocked her people when they heard

That Kate had barely got a third.

"Come, Ma," said Kate, "no need to fear.

"I'll have no tests in my third year—

"Only term essays. There's no trick

"To them, except to choose and pick

"And cobble passages together.

"It really makes no difference whether

"You ever read the text or not;

"The reference books are a short cut."

The subject which was first assigned

Was "Wordsworth on the Poet's Mind."

Of course Kate found her stuff for it

In histories of English Lit.

Above these books upon a ledge

And perilously near the edge

There stood a most majestic bard

Made of white plaster, smooth and hard.

(You know whose bust it is I mean,—

The author of *Evangeline*).

The day before her work was due

Poor Kate was in an awful stew.

All through the different books she races,

And thrusts them back into their places.

Others, but not she herself,

Saw the bust tremble on its shelf.

It trembled on the brink and fell:

There was a crash and then one yell.

It had struck Kate upon the head,

Which being shingled, she was dead.

The tired janitors said "Blast her!"

As they swept Kate up with the plaster.

—R. K. G.

GREENWOOD

Greenwood is a farming community in Ontario. Go one hundred miles north of Ottawa, and jog over west about twelve miles and you're there. As far as I know, it's always been there, the same farmhouses along the road, the saw-mill with the ever decreasing skidway that never decreased, the cheese factory with a thin, anaemic white wisp of smoke from its chimney. Quiet, sunshiny, conservative Greenwood. Maybe you would call it a hamlet. A hamlet suggests uncomfortable Sunday clothes, and a church bell, and gossipy old women, and an old maid school teacher, and a log blacksmith shop. Yes, I think Greenwood would be a hamlet.

The social, business and religious center was at the cross-roads. On one corner was Greer's store, and on another corner the church. Opposite the church was the hotel, and opposite the hotel was the carpenter's house. So you see, there was always something going on at the cross-roads. It was called "Greer's Corner."

At one time the hotel was a fine place. The proprietor, Bill Green, was a long, lean, erratic Irishman. But then, anybody of importance in Greenwood was Irish. Bill Green was the best-liked man in the settlement. Well, maybe not any better liked than Syd Greer, the storekeeper, but then, they were two different types of men. Greer was the talker, while Bill was the doer. It was Bill who drove the wild bronchos that were killed by the train. It was Greer who was elected Reeve of the council. It would be bill who would get hilariously drunk, treat all the neighbours to "Segrum," turn hand-springs in the middle of the road, or wrestle Tom Clarke, the wrestler. It would be Greer who would play the fiddle while Bill danced, and referee the wrestling match while Bill wrestled. Greer didn't get drunk often, because he said he had a poor stomach. He also had a wife, and it was common knowledge that since the time he had tried to kiss the hired girl, Lizzie had put her foot down on "Segrum." But then, who had seen Greer try to kiss the girl? No, no, that was just hearsay. Greer was too nice a man to try to kiss that giddy fool even if he was drunk. But even if it was true, which nobody would ever think of believing, he was a darn nice man, anyway. Yes, sir, the most obliging man in the country! And the straightest man, too! Nobody could every say a word about Syd Greer.

As soon as evening fell all the men of the district for two miles around would have a plug of tobacco to buy at the store. About half-past eight they'd all be there. There'd be Tom Clarke, John Clarke, Bill Clarke and Jack Clarke; Bill McMunn and Dick McMunn and Long Tom Jackson and Willie John Jackson; and Jim Leach and Miles Clarke and Ned Leach; and Alfie, Baxter, Leslie, Dellie and Joe Davis. There'd be Willie Salter and Albert Risto and Tommie Hewitt and Billie Riley and Phil Hayes. They'd be seated on nail kegs along the wall back of the stove, on the counter, or if space was scarce, on the floor. Greer's

place was left vacant till he came in from doing the chores. Greer was always late with the chores. He sat on the floor with his back against the counter, so that the light couldn't shine in his eyes, and close to the match box. When he sat down everybody felt settled. They'd rather listen to him tell lies than to all the philosophy of the Greeks.

Sunday was the only day of the week that the store was not in vogue. On Sunday afternoon it was the custom to attend church. Everybody went early. The men sat over on the hotel veranda smoking and talking about the cows and the pigs and the latest murder in Chicago. They sweated in their celluloid collars and stiff shirts and felt respectable. "Well, Chicago must be a terrible place. But that's those city people for you. Did you ever hear Joe Davis tell what he saw in Ottawa when he was down to the Fair? No? Well—but that's a long story, and besides, there's the minister. It's time to go into church."

Inside the church everybody tried to get into the back seats, but they weren't always successful, so that the late arrivals would have to sit up among the women and the girls. If they grinned modestly enough and so acknowledged that the joke was on them, nobody paid much attention to them, but some of the fellows were "stuck up," and went up quite unconcernedly and didn't pay tribute to the back benches. Of course, some people like to be conspicuous. They were the ones, too, who sang the hymns with the women. A "he-man" of the back row was too manly and too sensible to make a "holy show" of himself, but those fellows in front had no shame. Well, they liked that kind of thing. As the Reverend Mr. Orr twined and untwined his fingers and slowly but surely got Daniel through the wild animal act and the fish story, attention shifted from the "sissies" to the flies on Tom Clarke's bald head or Anabel Leach's lovely profile. Baxter Davis drew a horse's head on the back of the seat in front of him, and Long Tom Jackson ran his fingers back and forth through his whiskers as if he were looking for something. Mrs. Greer's ostrich feather quivered and shivered as if it had the chills. That feather always made me nervous. Phil Hayes sat still and listened very attentively to Mr. Orr, and never heard a word the good man said. He was stone deaf. For an hour and a half he would sit there without a chew of tobacco. How he did it was a wonder to the countryside and a tribute to his self-control. Mr. Orr went on to the bitter end. The collection was taken, the psalms were sung, the prayers for rain were said, the King was blessed and we were blessed and the minister was blessed. He never omitted anything. But all things will pass, and finally church was over, and everybody crowded outside. They stood around for awhile as if they had awakened from chloroform, and then straggled off down the road and home to sleep.

Old Greenwood! Bill Green is gone, Syd Greer is dead, Anabel Leach is married and has a family. Mr. Orr is playing another circuit, and Tom Clarke was killed three years ago; Billie Sullivan vanished in a shell-burst on the Somme; Johnnie Green went out in front at Lens and never came back, and

many more of the boys of the back benches are lying in the cemeteries around Amiens and Ypres and Paschendael. There must be more grey-headed old people in Greenwood now. I had a letter from there two weeks ago, and it said: "We have a new teacher. She's boarding at Hewitt's, and Herb Jackson has quite a crush on her. They say that Lucy Maddox has a diamond. I haven't seen your brother Billie for a long time. He's working in Pembroke now. Beyond that, there's no news. Greenwood is just about the same. Write soon."

—J. M. Sweeney.

TO THE MAN IN THE MOON

(Cupid's Prayer on behalf of the Hired Man.)

Old Man in the Moon, oh hear, list' here, list' here:
On yellow pumpkins, looking at the ground
These two do sit, and she's his dearest dear.
And he would change her name to Lizzie Hound.
His pumpkin is to hers the nearest near;
He's gulping, but he has the queerest fear.
Come down and help him make the proper sound.

Old Man in the Moon, stop picking prickly sticks,
And slide you down a moon beam here to him.
His heart is full of tickling-ickly pricks
As when I first hurled my gold spear through him.
It stops and starts with sticking sickly kicks—
A bad attack of frisking fickle kicks—
And all because of this dream near to him.

I've whispered in his ear, but I despair,
And I'm afraid they'll catch their deaths of cold.
You've often helped me change two to a pair—
Please hearten him before they both grow old.
You'll free me from another worldly care—
And you can have the pumpkins. Hear my prayer—
Ooooo never mind—he's just this minute told!
—Campbell Hargrave.

DEATH IN EXILE

If thou hast loved me lay me not among
The hillside withered grasses on the barren
Outskirts of some quiet western town—ah, no!
Alive I loved the fireside warmth, the pulse
Of swarming life—the evening's cheerful lights,
The morning footsteps and the haunts of men.
Dead must I lie forgotten and alone?
There is a land I know where they that sleep
Are blessed with flowers—wide walks—tall trees
And hushed voices. Where quiet and tender
Reticence cradles the beloved bed,
And little children learn in kindly truth
The certain end of man and fear it not.
If there I am when that last call I hear,
I shall not dream, nor toss my restless soul
To lie among the loved—at that will take
From Death's remoteness the uncertain ache,
Will give to Life a vista so profound,
Serene and good, that to be underground
Will seem a gentle end to unquiet care.
And I, all sorrow lose, when I am there.

—L. M. H.

BEFORE THE STORM

Hush, hark! A stillness in the air!
The spirit of the storm is lying low.
The sky is very dark, and, over there,
The poplars, bending, stagger to and fro.

I hear the waves come lapping on the shore,
And whispering to the sand, with voices low,
Yet strong, as if some inner, waiting power
Had feared, its strength before the storm to show.

A breath of wind sweeps, sighing, through the trees.
The giants, bending lower, shake their heads.
We hear the stir and rustle of the leaves
And watch the wood-folk scamper to their beds.

A monster, creeping on us from the west,
Drags at his side, the spirit of the storm,
Approaches nearer now, with fiery breath,
A ghastly, grayish, ghostly, cringing form.
The lightning flashes swift across the sky,
The thunder echoes wildly to and fro.
The monster lifts the shrieking storm on high,
And flings him, headlong, to the earth below.

—Mollie Grant.

My friend, you've come a weary way
Along that dusty road.
Rest an hour in these trees till the heat of the day
Is gone, then strap on your load.

You say you must go on, or night
Will find you walking still;
That you will be far from the farmer's light
When darkness falls on the hill.

But, man, you'll plod on slowly now.
You're tired, you've travelled long.
See the ripples divide from that trailing bough?
Go bathe, and rest, and rise strong.

You'll walk with downcast burning eyes.
You'll see no bird or flower.
You have eaten with me. Now, my friend, be wise,
And rest in my field an hour.

—Campbell Hargrave.

THE REASON

"Why are you here?" he asked.
"Why have you come far from that older land
"To this, the gateway of the unknown North?"

Then answered I: "Let me a question ask,
"Ere I my answer give,
"That it when given may appear more clear.
"Why are the forests here? the plains and moun-
tains?
"The rivers and the blue lakes and the snows?
"The sunshine and the pale aurora and the dew?
"The cultivated fields? the towns and villages?
"The dumb beasts, and the other men, and you?
"All these and I are here to play a part—
"To help fulfil the whole which He has planned."
Then he replied, "'Tis good. I understand."

—C. C. G.

A GOWN FOR STEPHANIE

"Hey, Bill——!" There was a series of violent thumps from the other stairway and Ted Bremner slid onto me across the floor of the rotunda. "You are on the costumes committee, aren't you?"

"Yes." I took a deep breath, pausing in my dash to the third floor. I was ten minutes late for a test.

"Well, the gown for Stephanie won't do. Somebody has to go down town with her this afternoon to pick out another. There's a dress rehearsal at 7:30, and we can't spare anyone else. It's up to you."

"Go to the deuce!" I remarked from the landing, and at the first floor I heard him call after me—

"She'll be waiting here for you at 12:30."

There wasn't time to be outraged; my mind for the rest of the hour was fully occupied. For the first time in history Dr. Malcolm and I agreed as to what a test in Math. 40 ought to consist of. I plunged in delightedly, and at the end of the period, being last to hand in my paper, I stayed to ask a question or two. He was unusually friendly, and I went slowly downstairs expanding with dignity and radiating my satisfaction with the world. It was not until my feet touched those square red tiles again that I remembered either Ted or Stephanie.

A cold wave broke over my satisfaction. Then a hot wave followed! The colossal nerve! Go shopping with a strange woman—not while I'm conscious! Well, she wasn't quite strange. You couldn't call a girl a stranger when you'd been making love to her strenuously every night for a week. But on the other hand, what else could you call a girl whose name you'd never heard? Stephanie—her name in the play—was all I knew her by. Fool name for a girl, and it suited her—all eyes and meek as Moses. She looked eternally scared to death. That was her rôle, of course, but it didn't take with me. I like 'em friendly and fulla pep.

Dress-hunting, and with that dame! Was it a frame-up? I had paused involuntarily as I reached the bottom and remembered, and in that instant I saw her standing by one of the big pillars. She was looking straight at me, half-smiling and waiting. Oh, ass! ass! Why hadn't I come down the back stairs! A quick glance around showed me that there wasn't a soul in sight—it was noon—and I had to pass her to get to the door. There was nothing else for it.

As I approached, she threw me a helpless smile that made me sick.

"Teddy Bremner asked me to wait here for you."

"Did he?" I returned icily.

"He said you'd be able to come with me this afternoon to get another dress for the play."

"What's wrong with the one you've got?"

"It's too big, and it doesn't suit me—why didn't the committee at least ask me when they ordered it? Besides, it's pale blue and my dress has to be white. Where did you get it?"

"I didn't get it. Harry Baker ordered them all. Get him and take him shopping with you. It'll serve him right for trying to run things. He should

have put some girls on this committee. Go to him."

"I don't know him——" Her voice quavered.

"And the dress rehearsal is tonight! Well, I'm afraid you'll have to wear the one you've got." I was quite firm. There were voices down the hall, and I was anxious to make my get-away.

The big brown eyes flashed. "I won't wear it, and that's final. If you don't want to come, why don't you say so?"

"I'm very sorry——" but there I stopped. The "voices" appeared through an archway—it was Lucile with her new sheik, over whom we had the row. She looked straight at me and through me—the peroxide jade—never a sign of recognition—and then turned again to that hee-hawing jackass. I looked at Stephanie, and continued loud enough for whom it might concern to hear. "I'm very sorry—er—that I've kept you waiting a moment. Let's go to the Tuck and eat while we talk it over."

She shook her head. "Thank you. I've had lunch."

"But I haven't, you see. Come, you can have coffee, anyway." I smiled my fascinatingest, and then, under Lucile's eyes, I appropriated Stephanie and marched her off.

She was more bewildered than ever as she sat across the table, and the big brown eyes studied me over her coffee cup. There was no conversation. Stephanie was the dumbest of the dumb, and I was too mad to make funny remarks. That miserable young would-be vamp! It was all her fault in the first place! I had gone into this play only because she was in it, and when she dropped me for this Valentino she quit the play. I cursed my luck a hundred times, but it would have been the joke of the season if I had stopped too. And besides, I wouldn't give her the satisfaction. On Lucile's account I was developing dramatic talent, and the consternation of our whole corridor, and because she had cut me in the hall today I was Tucking with a strange (and uninteresting) woman, and was planning to help her pick out a new gown!

Oh, well, I could be decent, anyway. It isn't doing the gallant to invite a young lady to lunch and then not speak to her during the ceremony. I cast a quick glance at her, and at the hurt expression on her face I kicked myself. I must say something—anything. Besides, she might still be dumb with amazement—my sudden thaw must have been funny to her. I laughed to myself at the thought, and Stephanie searched my face suddenly. Darn those "eyes like a startled fawn"! No wonder a fellow can't like her when she turns on him a battery like that.

"I suppose," I said with an effort at frankness, "that you're asking yourself why I changed my mind so suddenly. It was conscience. I'm subject to sudden attacks—not really serious, you know——"

A slight smile. "I thought it must be. Do you mean you are really coming with me?"

"Can't you do it yourself?"

"Oh, I couldn't——" A helpless gesture.

"Why don't you get a girl to go with you? I couldn't tell you what looks well on you——"

"Oh, it isn't for that, at all. It's to—interview the management—and everything you know. I really couldn't—"

"If Harry Baker were only here. This is his mess! But I know he's doing the wild man this afternoon getting properties in order."

I spent a vain minute trying to think of somebody else to wish her onto, and then finished with a smile and an inward curse. "Oh, I suppose I'll have to do it."

There was nothing to reply to this, and she remained silent, looking out the window. There were little points of fire in her eyes.

"So you don't look pretty in pale blue."

"Oh, frightful—you've no ideal. Besides, the thing doesn't fit. It bags at the shoulders and it's too long altogether—"

"You can't alter it?"

"It's a rented gown."

"Hmmm! And even Taylor's wouldn't stand for that. Well, we'll have to see what we can do. We'll go back to Taylor's first and then to the Acme—they are the stores that usually are good to rent us costumes. If we can't get anything there we'll have to try the other places, but I'm doubtful—"

Stephanie looked so relieved it was amusing. The weighty burden of interviewing a manager or two had been lifted from her and her gratitude to her great, big, strong wonderful rescuer (that's me!) fairly radiated in her face. And they say that our grandfathers fell for the clinging vines! Nix. Nothing doing. Still, you could see their viewpoint. Stephanie wasn't half bad for a kid—except for those galvanic eyes. They were too big, but a rich brown like her hair. And they certainly let you know all she was thinking.

"Thank you. I'm glad. I really am frightened of business men, and I'd look so guilty when I approached them they'd think I wanted to steal it."

"What will you do if we can't get one?"

"I don't know yet. One thing I won't do, and that is wear that pale-blue-Harry-Baker-affair."

I laughed. "Well, come on, then, and let's get it over with. You pick out the dress you want, and I'll handle the 'powers that be'. Only we're in for some fun, I think."

It was a fine February afternoon just after a fresh fall of snow. The world was white, the sky was brilliant blue and there was just wind enough to put a crisp tang in the air. We decided to walk over the bridge and down town—the cars would be stuffy, and it wasn't so far. The bridge looked inviting when we stepped on, and unconsciously I swung into my stride. The vista of black girders, the white crunching snow, the exhilaration of the air—one could almost taste it. I breathed deeply and remembered with satisfaction my Math. 40 test. It was a "first" easy—well, I needed it.

A little voice beside me said, "Plee-ase." Poor Stephanie had been nearly running to keep up.

"Smatter? Am I going too fast?"

"A—a little."

I apologized, and she looked up at me, laughing. "You are a speed model, anyway. I used to think I could hike." The eyes were still too much in evidence, but no longer frightened. On the con-

trary, far from it—such thankfulness, such perfect trust and confidence! I felt rather as if a stray dog had adopted me. Only Stephanie was quite a likeable child. Fresh, probably. She looked now as she leaned against the railing out of breath, not far from pretty. Red hat and red mouth; brown fur, brown hair, brown eyes. She could smile with those eyes when she wanted to. That was a nice pink in her cheeks, too, from the wind or the walk, or both. Lucile's cheeks—but I banished the thought of Lucile. I would forget her, and that would bother her more than anything else I could do now. So we leaned over the railing and watched the coal-sleighs far below crawling along the roads over the ice. They were only specks on the whiteness.

"You're fresh this year, aren't you?" I asked.

"The ideal!" Indignation registered in the glowing orbs. "I'm a Senior."

"You haven't been here for four years. Why, I never saw you before. Where have you been hiding all my life—!"

"Probably not—you wouldn't have noticed me if you had. But I haven't been hiding. I've been doing my best for four years to get discovered, and failing miserably."

She wasn't so young as I had thought. There was a harder tone in her voice, and her eyes wore some of the old look.

"But who are your friends?"

"Pembina is full of them."

"Where do you go for your fun?"

"Oh, teas, and movies with the girls and the symphonies and all the music I can hear. Hikes, too, sometimes."

"Do you skate?"

"I can skate—" guardedly.

"Do you dance?"

"I can dance—"

"You can, but you don't."

An express train tore by overhead, filling all the bridge with its thunder so that I missed her answer.

"Don't you like to dance?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you come to some of the Saturday Nights?"

"Let's change the subject."

"No, I want to know."

"Then I'll tell you. And I'll tell you because the Beau Brummel of Varsity is exactly the last person I should tell—the last person who could possibly understand. I don't go to sleighing parties or skating parties, or house parties or card parties, or theatre parties or club parties, or Varsity affairs of any kind merely because I haven't the necessary man. That's all. I have decent clothes, but no place to wear them. Not being a girl, you can't imagine what a difference that little detail makes."

"Why don't you come to the Saturday Nights and meet some? You can come 'stag' to those."

"I did go. I went to two of them and spent two evenings of agony. Good floor, good music, my prettiest, newest dress, and not one soul asked me to dance. Not one! I don't think anyone even saw me—you didn't, as you said. To sit there helpless—unnoticed, undesired, and feel the wallflower numbness stifling you, crushing out of you every

spark of gaiety, every desire to be pleasing and attractive. Oh, I could have screamed. And it happened twice; I think I was brave to put myself through it a second time. Only once in both evenings did somebody notice and bring up a man for me to dance with—it might have been you for all I know—and she threw me a glance I couldn't fathom—but when we were introduced he turned tail and fled. I was only a Freshette then, but I wish I could forget it."

"Well, you know lots of boys now. You meet them on the campus, in the halls, at lectures——"

"No, I merely see them there."

"Don't you speak to them?"

"Any that I know."

"But the others—the ones you'd like to know?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, there you are. They can't speak first, and if you won't, there's no help for it."

"Oh," said Stephanie, "I don't expect you to understand. I merely wanted to demonstrate my oratory. I was so unusual to have a man to talk to."

"I think it is your own fault if you haven't boy friends. You speak to strange girls quickly enough. And boys are often quite as sensitive as you are."

"It probably is my own fault. But I can't help it. If the only way I can get into the fun is by trying to make up with strange men, then——" She threw up her hands. "I don't like them anyway—strange men. And it's unbearable to have them think that your friendliest overtures are 'fishing'. I can't smile at them. You don't understand. You can go where you like, when you like, and pay your own way. I can't."

We were getting down town now, so I let it go at that. Her attitude was quite wrong; it made me impatient. I was sorry for her, but it was her own fault. And I wasn't quixotic enough to go a-tilting at the social conventions. We dismissed the subject and spoke of commonplaces. Stephanie, with the excitement of expressing her pent-up feelings, had become thoroughly pretty. Her brown eyes had been glowing coals, now they flashed and leaped like a flame at some of my sallies. She returned them too, sometimes with a pointedness that wasn't so slow, and we both laughed together. Certainly Stephanie was improving, whereas Lucile——! To the shades, you departed ghost! You're dead!

The shopping district arrived. There was nothing to be had in Taylor's or the Acme, and we pondered the question of where next. There was Kenwood's and the "Elite" and Betty's Bonnet Shop, where many things other than hats were sold, and Jenkins Brothers, and McCallum's, and half a dozen others whose names I had never heard of. The simplest way was to take as we came to them.

Kenwood's, the first one, was a rough experience. "A pretty white dress," Stephanie asked for. Silk? Preferably. For herself? Yes. A heavy rack of gowns was swung round, pretty things, what there was of them. There were only half a dozen white ones—only one her size.

"Umm. I don't think so. Too elaborate," said Stephanie. "Heavy satin brocade isn't my type, nor the type of my role in the play."

"For a play?" inquired the salesgirl.

"Yes," I answered innocently.

"Then you didn't mean to buy the gown?"

We were both dumb, and Stephanie floundered out with, "No. We only wanted to—er—that is—to rent it, you know."

The salesgirl replaced her white satin on the rack. "Certainly not," with supreme disdain. "We don't do that sort of thing."

Out in the open we surveyed each other half-laughing, half-indignant.

"I'm so sorry, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Billy."

"It was my fault. You were supposed to do the explaining, and only to the manager. I shouldn't have said anything."

"I should have cut in sooner. I was my fault too. But we're still alive. Where do we go from here?"

It was rather a lark, though. Stephanie was enjoying it. I wondered vaguely as we crossed the street if women always enjoyed their shopping. They were eternally at it, anyway.

Our next trial was better. At least, by keeping mum we escaped being forcibly ejected. "A white gown for Madam?" and after a hasty glance at Stephanie—"Sorry, we have nothing your size."

Then another attempt as futile. "White? No, nothing at all in white. It is quite out this season, and the pale shades are the rage. Here's something sweet in a very pale blue——"

"It must be white," said Stephanie firmly, and the girl smiled so sympathetically at both of us.

"Oh, yes, of course, a little wedding dress——"

We didn't look at each other for five minutes, and I didn't open my mouth. Why, I don't know. I would have teased another girl about it, but I didn't tease Stephanie.

In the next place she tried on a dress, and I was left seated under a palm tree. Presently two girls I knew came into the shop, and I slunk hastily into a corner. A "Ladies' Wear" was a queer place for Bill McLennan, and I didn't care to make explanations. The clerk came up and touched my arm.

"Your wife is ready now, please."

It was a fluffy affair, with ribbons dangling all over. I couldn't help admiring. Her eyes twinkled impishly, and with her feet still in their heavy galoshes—a ludicrous contrast to the fly-away dress—she swept me a mocking curtsy.

I whistled. It was a snappy little dress all right, and yet—how can a fellow tell why a girl's clothes don't suit? It was white, it looked nice on her, and yet I wasn't satisfied. She didn't look the part. This was a flapper dress, and after all Stephanie wasn't a flapper. She surveyed me quizzically.

"Well, how do I look?"

A ticklish situation! How was I to know what she wanted me to answer! I took my courage in both hands, and began slowly—

"You look swell—to me—but——"

"Shall we get it?" she challenged.

"No—I don't think so."

Stephanie laughed, and I joined in rather feebly.

"Do you know why you don't like it?"

I gave up. I had an idea, but if I tried to express it, I'd make a bigger fool of myself than ever.

"Who says a man hasn't an instinct for woman's clothes. He knows, but he knows not how he knows. Of course it wouldn't do. It's a ducky thing, and I couldn't resist trying it on. But it looks more like a modern débutante than the soulful maiden in the last act. We'll have to try again."

And in spite of the clerk's expostulations, she left it there, regretfully.

There was only one white one at the next place. It was a cheap-looking thing, elaborated with big pearls. Stephanie waved it away.

"It looks like a Russian wedding at Mundare."

But I wasn't used to shopping. "Oh, Lord, Stephanie, we'll never get a white one, and the stores are full of colors. Can't we take a green one or a yellow, or a purple? They're pretty, and they look the right thing. I'm sure you'd look nice in one of those purple ones."

"That's orchid," she answered, "and I look in orchid still worse than in pale blue, if possible. Come on. There's only one more store, and what I shall do if I can't get it there I don't know."

"But you must be dead tired. I am, and hungry as a wolf. Let's eat."

"Business first. We'll eat when we've looked over Blantyre's and console ourselves in defeat."

It was dark long since, and near closing-time. We entered the brilliant store with its thick carpets and rich furnishings, and as the heavy door swung noiselessly back a Grand Duchess in black silk sailed down upon us smiling.

"I have the very frock you want," she confided. "A delicate little thing just made for you," and she steamed away again, leaving us seated for a blessed moment. When she returned Stephanie rose with a little cry and held out her hands. "There it is! The dress of my dreams!"

"Didn't I know it?" cooed the Duchess. "Why, I've been actually saving it for you. It's a sample, just in last week, but a small size. I know it will fit you though—just try it on a minute. Come."

It was exactly the thing, even I could see that. When Stephanie had slipped into it, the Duchess called me into the fitting-room and left us a moment alone.

I couldn't describe the dress on my life, but I'll never forget the picture of her standing there. Soft filmy white, it clung to her slender body and floated out—the dew-drops sparkling on the deep scallops made me think of Easter lilies. Yet it wasn't the dress I saw; it was Stephanie, and I saw her as I'd never seen a girl before. She was transfigured somehow—I can't explain it. Only suddenly, by the queer quietness that stole over me, I knew that my fate was sealed. The brown eyes were tired now, the little red mouth smiled wistfully. In all my life I had never seen anything so utterly, appealingly sweet.

"Come," she said at last. "How do you like it?"

"If you could see yourself!"

"There are three full-length mirrors in this cubby-hole. But I'd rather have you tell me—Billy—what do I look like?"

The nearness of her set my pulses pounding, and yet she seemed aloof, and vaguely unreal. I answered her unsteadily:

"Like Faith—the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

That broke the spell, of course. It was a darn fool thing to say, and yet I meant it. And I think she understood, too, although she replied:

"Are you rehearsing the last act? Or merely improvising? Because I'm too tired to listen."

The Duchess, coming in, interrupted us.

"Isn't she sweet? The dress was born for her. You're in luck, too, that I can let you have it for \$55. Rather long, though."

"Must be a last year's gown," I ventured to cover my confusion. The Duchess smiled on me pityingly.

"Here, my dear, I'll just snip these stitches——"

"Oh, no, no, no—don't cut it!" Stephanie glanced around in wild dismay.

"Don't you want the dress? It's perfect on you!"

"Oh, I love it, but don't make any alterations, please. I can't buy it."

The Duchess was alarmed at the girl's sudden panic. "The price is nothing for such a little gem. Come, I'll make it fifty, for it will never look half as well on anyone else."

"Oh, but I couldn't buy it even for less than that," said poor Stephanie, and looked, as she had promised, so guilty and embarrassed that the Duchess' eyes narrowed and her lips drew into a thin line.

"Then if you can't buy a dress, why do you come in here and try one on?"

I saw it was time to interpose. "May I speak to the manager?" I asked.

"I am the manager and proprietor too. What do you want?", and from the fiercest of her tone I expected to hear the Duchess order, "Off with his head."

I explained, rather weakly, that we wanted to borrow the dress for one evening, to be worn on the stage for about twenty minutes and returned at once, unsoiled. In acknowledgment we would print on our programs, "Costumes by—and Blantyre's." We would pay a deposit and would give any small consideration they might require.

The Duchess snorted scornfully. "Rent out our costumes! This isn't a masquerade parlor or a second-hand store."

"There are plenty of respectable firms in town that are glad to oblige us in this way."

"Not Blantyre's. We haven't come down to that yet. Come, young lady, I'll take the dress, please."

It flicked poor Stephanie like a lash, and it made me see red in a moment.

"Wait a moment." The Duchess turned to me, and I measured her as for a tackle. There wasn't time to think. "Your price is fifty dollars, nothing less?"

"Not a cent."

"Will you take a check?"

She gave me a swift and withering survey, and her eye lingered appraisingly on the cut of my overcoat. "Yes," at last. "I'll take a check."

"Then have her make the alterations, Stephanie."

I wrote out the check, mechanically. Stephanie came out of the fitting-room in her own clothes.

"Billy, what are you doing? The Dramat can't possibly pay that for a costume!"

"I'm buying this dress, not the Dramat."

"No, you're not. You mustn't. I won't wear it."

"Yes, you will. I'm buying it for the Dramat, but I expect," I continued lying glibly, "to be almost entirely—er—reimbursed."

"Nonsense. They can't afford it."

"Why, sure, Stephanie. I know there is twenty dollars to spare, and the proceeds of the play, and if it goes over well, we'll be putting it on a second night."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course. Besides they told us to get a dress, and gave us carte blanche as to ways and means. And we had to have that very one, didn't we? Now, let's eat. You are done in, and in hour or so we have a dress rehearsal."

So we ate, and rested. Shopping? It was more strenuous than basketball. Stephanie was exhausted, and I let her eat in peace, feasting my eyes and making large mental readjustments. Lucile—the shallow little upstart! I laughed at myself for having been a fool. But this—this was the real thing—the greatest thing in the world. "Stephanie"—what a pretty name she had! Those marvellous brown eyes lifted and smiled at me, and my heart skipped three beats. She fitted her name exactly—and then I stopped, feeling foolish. That wasn't her name. I had no idea what her name was. Probably Susie Smith.

"Do you know," I remarked across the table, "you might at least tell me what your name is."

She looked surprised. "Smith."

"And your first name?"

"Is this a joke?"—gravely.

"No, I was wondering, that's all."

"But you have been using it all day—Stephanie."

It was now so late that there was nothing for it but a taxi. But what was that in my young life. I should worry about expenses—I was having lots of them. It was pitch black outside, and the lights on the bridge gleamed in two long rows.

"Suppose they won't cash the check"—in sudden dismay.

"Oh, the check will go through all right," I reassured her. So it would—with \$4.60 to spare. It merely meant adding another fifty to my college debt, and thank the gods, it was my last year.

"It's a dream of a dress," she sighed rapturously, nestling back in the cushions. "It's just what I've always longed for—a white georgette for dances—or—or—a play like this—or—or—"

"Or—or—or—" I teased. "Or—what?" and when she blushed and didn't answer, I helped her out. "Or graduation?"

There was a sudden silence. Then a deep sigh, and then two warm little hands grabbed mine.

"Billy," she said enthusiastically, "you're a dear. You're a hero. You deserve the V.C. and the S.O.S. and the P.D.Q., and everything else all rolled into one. You saved the day most gloriously by buying the dress, and now you've solved the problem of what to do with it."

"Yes?" I inquired. "How come?" It was rude to contradict a lady, so I merely listened and slipped my arm around her.

"But oh, how selfish I've been. And what a little fool. Oh, I'm sorry. Billy, don't you see? That dress was predestined for my graduation. Why didn't I think of it before? I can buy it myself. It's twice what I ought to pay, but I'll spread myself for once. I'll write home tonight for the money. But, oh, how utterly stupid of me! I should have been keeping my eye open all the time for a graduation dress. And I'm so sorry to have given you all this trouble—"

I was ashamed of my inner relief.

"Are you sure you can afford it?"

"I'll have to. I can't graduate in peace without it now. To think of giving it up again—"

"Then you'll wear it to the Graduation Dance?"

"Oh, I won't be going—"

"You are going—with me."

She laughed. "What makes you think so?"

"You will go with me, won't you, Stephanie?"

"I'd love to. You'll never know how much—"

There was a long silence. The lights in the valley below twinkled out in the blackness. I leaned over her.

"Stephanie, how long would the dress last?"

"Don't worry. I'll wear it out before it's old-fashioned."

"But how long?"

"Oh, a couple of years, maybe."

I did some frantic multiplying with interest at 4 per cent., and finally gave it up. No use hoping.

"Well, never mind, then, honey, wear it out and we'll buy another when we need it."

Stephanie looked up at me and laughed, and that was too much. I swept her into my arms, and kissed the little red mouth—the best I knew how. She said nothing, and made no resistance, but her silence gave consent.

—I. M. D.

Oh wind, you're wild, oh wind, you're free—
Oh wind, strong wind, oh carry me
To a far away hill where I may see
The winter prairie where you blow.
Oh wind, free wind, oh I would be
Where you play with the newly-fallen snow,
And it whispers, whispers when you go;
Where the eastern hills' and the sky's soft glow
Is golden, mauve and silvery,
When the shadows are long, when the sun falls low.

—Campbell Hargrave.

AS IT WAS AND IS—

Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,
The muffled cornets blow.
The saxophones are squealing
And the fiddler plies his bow.
The drums are tapping at our hearts,
The trombones boldly bleat,
As we dance and prance and jiggle
On our jazz-bewildered feet.

Trip, trip, trip, trip
The light fantastic toe
Across and down and in and out
We jostle to and fro.
The bright lights glitter in our eyes,
We feel the ancient urge,
As the flood of dancers eddies
In an endless tidal surge.

Tap, tap, tap, tap,
The music in my head
Has dazed me into dreaming,
Ancient dreams of days long dead.
We are out beneath the starry sky,
A thousand ages back,
And in answer to the music
Loudly howls the savage pack.

Boom, boom, boom, boom,
The tom-tom's rolling note
Is echoed through the forest
From each hoarse barbaric throat.
And our painted limbs are gleaming
In the camp-fire's ruddy light,
As we leap and twist and wriggle
On this ancient festive night.

Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,
The forest vision fades.
The men resume their evening suits,
The girls their silk brocades.
But still beneath their modern dress
As in the days of yore,
They dance and prance and jiggle
On the highly polished floor.

—R. V. Clark.

EQUINE SYMPATHY

For weeks I've seen you standing there
Upon the lot beside the jail,
Your body bent beyond repair,
Tagged with a sign that says, "For Sale."

And though I toil upon the road
From early morn till evening late,
When passing I forget my load
Awhile, and ponder on your fate.

Your owner drove all summer long;
He "pounded you upon the tail";
And sometimes on the "Danger" curves
He even rode you on the rail.

No hour too late, no mud too deep,
He used a sort of dev'lish skill
When you presumed the grade too steep,
And coaxed you till you climbed the hill.

But winter joy rides give no thrill;
Your price will pay the grocer's bill;
And so he placed you on the square
To catch the eye of suckers there.

On other lots on other streets
Your brothers and your cousins stand;
My horse sense tells me it's the same
In every city in the land.

No roof to shield you from the storm,
No exercise to keep you warm—
I know exactly how you feel—
A second-hand automobile!

—C. C. G.

WOLF HENRY

Wolf Henry lived in a tumble-down shack, at the foot of the clay cut-banks of Six Mile Coulee. The shack was built of rough, unpainted boards, and the roof was of poles covered with a layer of sods. Time, and the action of the weather, had worn away the soil from between the little squares of sod, so that from inside one could look up and catch little glimpses of the sky here and there between the chinks. In summer this sod roof was a veritable garden, where wild daisies, harebells and golden rod bloomed in their season. In winter a thick covering of snow shut out the glimmer of the stars, and shut in the warmth of the rusty iron stove.

The furnishings of the shack were scanty and none too clean. A stove, a rough deal table, a home-made barrel-chair and bedstead, were all the comforts the single room could boast. One tiny window let in a filtering of light, greyed by passing through the dust and cobwebs of years. The door had a heavy bolt.

What Henry's other name was no one knew, and he himself had long since forgotten. He had been a trapper in the early days, and had come down to Trowbridge from the mountains of British Columbia. Here he had found the shack, built and abandoned by some early "squatter," and had settled down in it. In the spring and summer he worked as gardener and general handy-man in the town of Trowbridge. Early every morning he harnessed his old mare to his cart and set off for town. The cart was bright red; upon it he had painted crude pictures of grinning timber wolves; and it was from this that he derived his nickname of "Wolf."

"Ye see," he would reply in a hoarse whisper, when asked the meaning of these pictures, "it's to make 'em think I like 'em. That's the way I fool 'em."

Here he always became greatly excited, and his voice would become more and more shrill.

"When they see the pictures, it throws them off my trail. But they'll get me—they'll find me out

in the end—they'll smell my blood, d'ye see——"

"Who, Henry?" one would enquire, astonished at the old man's agitation. "Who are they?"

"The wolves—the timber wolves. They're after me, and they'll get me—in the end they'll get me."

Suddenly a look of intense cunning would come over his face. "But I like them. Why should I have their pictures on my cart if I was afraid of 'em?" and turning on his heel, he would go back to his work, muttering and cursing to himself.

What terrible experience in the wilds lay behind this frenzy of Henry's we never knew. Pressed for the reason why "they" should want to "get" him, he always became so excited and incoherent that no one could understand him. After such periods of excitement he would not appear in town for days, and then suddenly, early one morning we would hear his tuneless little whistle in the garden, and looking out would see him bending over the flower beds or trimming the grass borders.

One morning late in September, Henry drove his cart up the lane, hastily tied his horse beneath the great maple, and hurried to the open kitchen door. The maid, who was preparing breakfast, appeared at his impatient knock.

"I must see the Missus," he said.

"You can't see her now, Henry, she's having breakfast."

"I must see the Missus," repeated Henry doggedly.

Something about the aspect of the old man frightened the maid. There was a wild gleam in the bloodshot eyes, and the lips beneath the dragged grey moustache twitched uncontrollably.

"I must see the Missus, girl," he repeated, and the frightened maid disappeared into the dining-room. A moment later the door opened, and the "Missus" came into the kitchen.

"What is it, Henry?" she asked, a note of impatience in her voice.

Henry's grimy hand beckoned her nearer to the screen door. He glanced nervously over his shoulder, and then lowering his voice to a whisper, said: "They've come, Missus."

"Who have come, Henry?"

"They've come," he repeated. "They found me last night."

His eyes looked past her; he saw what he described.

"I was lyin' in bed, when suddenly I heard a snufflin' under the door, and the pad of their feet. An' then I knew. The door was barred, like always. Then I heard a scufflin' at the window, but they couldn't reach up to it. An' then there was silence—that awful silence—you know, Missus"—(the bloodshot eyes turned toward her again, for a moment, and then stared intently into space)—"that silence when you know there's 'Somethin' near you, waitin' for you, and you don't know where to look for it. An' then, suddenly, I knew they were lookin' at me—I could feel their eyes burning into me—an' I looked up an' saw them lookin' through the crannies in the roof—yellow eyes like fire, an' then green. I looked at them; I couldn't move, couldn't do nothin' but stare into them awful eyes.

An' then suddenly they began to scratch and claw at the roof. I jumped up. I yelled and screamed to scare 'em, but they kept right on scratching. I grabbed by gun and fired. I fired again. Then I heard an awful cry, and a thud. I loaded and fired again and again. I guess I was kinda crazy, Missus"—(the bleared eyes regarded her apologetically for a moment)—"an' then I didn't hear any sounds—just silence—but I knew that they had gone and taken the dead one with them."

"Did you kill one? How do you know you killed one?" demanded the Missus, astonished.

"Because of the cry—it was the death-cry, ye see. An' I know they took him away with them, because they weren't no sign of him this mornin' when I looked. But now, ye see, Missus"—the frenzied look came into his eyes, and again the apprehensive glance over his shoulder—"they've found me, an' they'll be bound to git me now I've killed another of 'em. They'll follow me an' follow me, an' some day they'll git me. When I'm not ready for 'em——"

The old man was apparently beside himself with excitement and fear. His breath came in great gasps, and he clutched his throat as though already he felt the sharp teeth of his pursuers. The Missus was thoroughly frightened, and like most Western women, being frightened, she became angry.

"Henry! Be quiet! You should be ashamed of yourself."

Her voice, sharp as a lash, reached even Henry's nightmarish brain, and did more to quiet him than any words of sympathy could have done. It was a voice he was accustomed to obey. Slowly he straightened up, and a saner light came into his eyes.

"Yes'm. Yes, Missus," he mumbled.

"Come in here and drink this coffee"—the voice was milder now. "You're simply hungry and overwrought."

"Yes'm," said old Henry.

That day at noon the Missus spoke to her husband about the episode. "Poor old man, it is too bad," she said; "but you should speak to the authorities about him. He is becoming dangerous. He really frightened me this morning, and he would be much better where he can be looked after than alone in that miserable shack."

Her husband agreed, and broached the matter to the authorities. But red tape is red tape, and time passed. Henry seemed even quieter than usual, and came and went regularly in his red cart, but the Missus, watching him closely, noticed that he seemed apprehensive and ill at ease, and that the fearful glance over his shoulder every few moments had become habitual. He was as a man haunted by some spectre, invisible to others.

One morning he did not come to work. This had happened many times in the past, but this morning the Missus, remembering his strange behavior of late, was concerned about him. As the morning progressed, she became so obsessed with the idea that something had happened to him that her husband consented to drive down to the shack

in the afternoon to see if all was well with the old man.

It was early evening before Alec Shaw and a friend drove down Six Mile Coulee road. Above, on the prairie, the light lingered, but down in the valley the autumn evening was already closing in, and the tall trees threw a heavy shadow on the road. The dead leaves under the horses feet made a dry rustling sound.

"Just a fancy of my wife's," said Shaw. "The old man has been very queer lately, and she is afraid that something has happened to him. It's probably nothing at all. He may be getting his potatoes in or some such thing. But she was so worried that I said I'd come. It's a nice time for a drive, anyway."

As they nearest Wolf Henry's shack the howl of a dog, long-drawn and mournful, drifted across the valley.

"Funny time to howl—there's no moon," commented Shaw lazily. Then as a thought struck him—"By Jove, that sounds like Shep, Henry's old mongrel."

They drove on. Rounding a turn in the road the little shack with its tumble-down barn, black against the shadows, stood before them. There was no light in the window, no sign of life about the place. Again from the shack they heard the howl of a dog, which as they approached the closed door, changed to a furious barking. Shaw spoke to the dog. Recognizing his voice, the barking changed to a whine, and the dog could be heard scratching at the door. Pushing against the door they found it barred.

"Old man's gone off and left the dog inside, eh?" suggested Laurie.

"Perhaps," answered Shaw, "but the door is barred from the inside, and there is no other."

They walked around the house and looked in the window, but the dust and darkness inside prevented them from distinguishing anything. They shouted and beat upon the door. No sound but the renewed whining and scratching of the dog. The heavy door resisted all their efforts to open it, and at last, thoroughly alarmed, they broke the window, and Shaw crawled through.

He had barely reached the floor before he felt the dog rubbing against his legs, and a cold nose was thrust against his hand, sending an involuntary shudder over him. He struck a match. In the dim light resulting, he looked about him and saw the cold stove, the rough chair and the untidy table. Across the bed lay Wolf Henry, his head fallen back against the wall. The flare of the match died out.

Shaw quickly found a lantern, lit it, and joined by his friend examined the room. Wolf Henry was dead—dead, in the grim fighting attitude of a man who faces his foes for the last time. His rifle lay on the floor beside him, where it had fallen from his hand. The blankets were thrown back, as though, springing from the bed in desperate haste, he had flung them from him. A cartridge box, half full of shells, lay on the bed beside the old man, and a number of empty shells strewed the floor, as

though he had loaded and fired in frantic haste. Everything else was as it should be.

As the two men stood, stunned by the unexpectedness of it all, the memory of his wife's account of Henry's wild story swept over Shaw. He seemed to see the old man as he stood at the kitchen door that morning—his straining eyes and twitching lips as he glanced fearfully over his shoulder—and fragments of the story came back to him:

"... I could see them lookin' through the crannies of the room—I screamed and yelled to scare 'em, but they kept right on scratchin'—I grabbed my gun an' fired an' fired—I guess I was kinda crazy, Missus—"

—Marjorie Sherlock.

THE YELLOW MASK Special Supplement Serial

Gordon McRosenblatt

What has gone before:

"All is over between us," storms Zuyder Van Zuyderland, wealthy stockbroker, when he returns unexpectedly from Europe to find his wife, Marian, in the arms of his Chinese cook, Wun Lung Lo. He hurls a brick he has with him at the cook and dashes down to his taxi. "Drive, drive, drive," he cries, and at break-neck speed hastens to the nearest employment agency.

Meanwhile, beautiful Marcelle Wave, his sister-in-law, calls at his house, and finds Wun Lung Lo weltering in his life's blood and the folds of the library carpet. He is stabbed three times through the heart and his throat is cut, but he lives long enough to cry "Pung, Chow, and Ma Jongg" before he deservedly dies. Police, who have been attracted by Marcelle's screams, arrest her for murder and parking her car in front of a fireplug. Boss Moriarity, corrupt chieftain of the city's graft-ridden government, is smitten by Marcelle's pure charms. "Never fear, little lady," says he, "Adolphus Moriarity has never yet failed a woman in her hour of need." She repels him, for she loves Oscar Von dem Rauchen Verboten Schmalzbau and Sauer Kohl, scion of an old Winnipeg family.

Touched to the heart, he stamps off, swearing to obtain her release, to lead a better life and to divorce his present wife.

Members of the Alpha Beta Gamma Tong of unscrupulous highbinders, whose past district secretary and Most Exalted Ruler of the Peacock Robe and Mystic Realm, the dead Wun Lung Lo had been, decide to take a terrible vengeance for his death. They suspect the innocent girl because she has been known to pour Listerine on her chicken chop suey.

Meanwhile, Boss Moriarity, Zuyder Van Zuyderland, who has obtained a new cook—Japanese—and Marcelle's lover (see name above), all work frantically for her release. The Alpha Beta Gammas send her a gorgeous bouquet of roses, impregnated with a deadly drug, one scent of which is fatal. Marcelle Wave spends her first night in prison.

Now go on with the story:

Came morning at last, after a night of sighs, and as the first roseate bars of the rising sun, gilded the wall over her straw stuffed pallet, our heroine lifted a tear-stained face that yet bore upon it the marks of steadfast courage and resolution to face bravely the perils of the day, to look them unflinchingly in the eye.

Soon came the turnkey bearing on one hand a loaded salver, draped with a snowy napkin, which covered the meagre prison fare of Boston Baked Beans and cocoa. Under the other arm he carried a large pasteboard box which at once filled the narrow cell with the fragrance of the sun-kissed slopes of the rose-wreathed Pacific coast.

Marcelle clung to the bars of her cell as the gaoler entered with his burdens. Tears of happiness welled from her eye, as with a radiant face she took the box of roses from his arm.

"I need not ask," she cried in happy confidence—little she knew what fate awaited her—"I know only too well that these are sent by Oscar Ernst Von dem Rauchen Verboten Schmalzbad und Sauerkohl."

"You said a mouthful, lady," returned the man of keys, his gruff old heart warmed by her joy. "There's his card in the box."

Luxuriating in the knowledge of Oscar E. V. D. R. V. S. U. S.'s constancy and thoughtfulness in her awful predicament, Marcelle opened the box and shook a dozen long-stemmed American Beauties upon the dingy blanket that covered her couch.

Breakfast went unheeded while she gathered the great armful of roses and took a deep ecstatic breath with her face buried in the glorious blooms.

Instantly convulsive shudders racked her slender frame and she let the roses cascade in wild confusion to the floor. A smile of pained and bitter disillusion tortured her paling lips while an agonised whisper reached the gaoler's ear. "You love me not! Oh, Oscar.....Ernst.....Von.....Dem Rauch..... and her life went out as the flame of a candle flickers away in the blast of the cruel north wind. She died.

No, dammit, let's try again.

But ere the final spark of life had left, the hardy turnkey leaped from her cell to bring his pulmotor equipment. With hurried hands and deft, he tried to resuscitate her. He slapped her blue-veined wrists and pressed her hands and burned a package of Old Chum under her nose. Yet, yet all in vain, not all his wiles and arts would bring her back to life again. Bereft of the love of Oscar Ernst, etc., Sauerkraut life was not worth the effort. She died.

Curse it. This is no good. She's got to live twenty chapters yet.

But! What noise was that? Even as she swayed she heard the voice of Oscar raised in call a-down the corridor. Once more the colour rose to her death-tinged cheeks as the thunder of his manly feet approached her cell with racing speed.

"Sweetheart. We have found the guilty wretch and you are free again. Come to my arms, my dove." The lovers sank into embrace.

"Y-you I-love me yet?" sobbed the beautiful girl, and hung half fainting in his arms. "K-kiss me

again." And as he complied with her request her willowy body stiffened in his grasp. The deadly poison had done its fatal work. She died.

The End.

Note by the Editors.

Mr. McRosenblatt was asked to write us one of those gripping serials for which he is so famous. "Art for Art's sake" has long been his chief tenet, and he tells us that the dramatic situation forced him to kill the heroine. Circumstances, therefore, compel us regretfully to bring this serial to a close.

PEMBINIGHT

By W. Beaache

Once upon a time in a certain university there was a little band of happy co-eds who were popularly referred to as "The Eight Eggs." In contrast to the eggs served in the university dining halls these young ladies were very good. But nevertheless mischievous. They were normal, healthy Western girls, whose sense of humor was fully developed, who believed that the sun never went out of business, and who helped make Varsity life more delicious for their friends. They studied a little, laughed a lot, and got their full share of joy out of playing tricks on one another and on the rest of humanity. The Eight Eggs were the young ladies who, in their Freshman year, used to snap their garters in class to embarrass the bashful young English professor.

In this same university there was one known as "The Empress"; the dean of women students; adviser; mother to the pack. Hers was the unenviable duty of "looking after" the young women in residence. The co-eds of Alberta (that was the name of the university) came from many distant parts, and fond parents needed some assurance that their daughters would not be sans a maternal guide in the big city of many guiles, where the university was planted. The Empress filled the bill to a T. She had the years and experience to appreciate girlish tendencies and she lacked the years to make one old and crabbed. Her sceptre was wielded with wisdom and sympathy, and her popularity among her charges was eloquent testimony of the success of her rule. In fact, the Empress was "a dear." All the girls said so; including the Eight Eggs. "A friend to be value and a foe to be feared" was the consensus of opinion. And she had no foes.

The Eight Eggs caused the Empress to lose more sleep than any other cave-dwellers in the cliff called Pembina. Midnight "feeds," fire-escape get-aways, and clandestine motor car rides were, among other things, continually getting the eight into hot water with Her Pembinal majesty. But that lady was slow to anger, and quick to forget, and her feeling toward the mischief-makers was one of fondness only.

On the evening of the Ides of March in the seventeenth year of the University, "The Eggs" were assembled in the dressing-bedroom-study of Fran Williams. The day had been a dull one. Very wearying, in fact. Behind the locked door, seven of Mr. Players' choice cigarettes were being thoroughly enjoyed. Eleanor MacMillan never

smoked. Girls' lips were never designed to caress cigarettes, was her view.

Many interesting topics, and a few men, had been discussed, when Hep Horricks burst forth with, "Girls, I've got an idea! A real honest-to-goodness brain-wave!"

"Get her an ice-bag," was "the Scotchman's" suggestion. ("The Scotchman's" name was Betty. Her parents were McLatches.)

Molly Staunton, in a voice filled with compassion, came to her friend's assistance, feeling her pulse and quoting, "Despise not the simple-minded. It often pays to be dumb."

But Hep knew her fry, and, undismayed, followed up her startling statement.

"If you fellows will show me the courtesy of listening-in for a moment, I'll favor you with an explanation. My childish brain has planned a plan, or, as Riddlehow would say, formulated a project. Will you listen, or will you have me publish in The Goatway a series of your unsuccessful love affairs?"

The threat was effective, and the other seven wound their kimonas more tightly around themselves and settled down more comfortably on their cushions.

"Shoot!" came the general invitation.

Hep adjusted herself comfortably on Fran's bed, her legs dangling idly over the edge, a thin wisp of smoke ascending from her mouth, and proceeded to unfold the big idea.

"It's about time we sprung another joke on the Empress," she began. "She'll be getting bored, if we don't give her something to worry about soon. Wouldn't it be grand to send her on a man-hunt in the building?"

"Sure. This place is just teeming with he-men at this hour of the night," remarked Madge Aylesworth, in a tone of regret not entirely feigned.

Ursula Dean was rude enough to remark, "We always thought you were an idiot, Hep, but now we know it."

"I'm not," came from the prostrate form on the bed.

"But where do we get the M-A-N?" inquired Emily Grant, who was busily engaged at the mirror, plucking offending eyebrows.

"The night-watchman!"—from Hep.

The silence which followed upon her announcement convinced Hep that her idea had a chance, and a grin of satisfaction slowly took possession of her always-happy face. But she bided her time. Not being of the male species, she liked to be coaxed a little.

Eleanor broke the quiet with, "Sounds as though there might be something in it. What's the idea, plan or project, if any?"

The others also expressed interest, so Hep, content, sat up on the bed, pulled her knees up under her chin, and tightly hugging her legs, told of her plan. Her eyes gleamed with mischief and her voice had in it a sort of devilish chuckle which soon communicated the spirit of the affair to the other seven. She proceeded.

"Well, here goes. The night-watchman will be around here on his first trip in about twenty minutes. Four of us can beard him on the top floor and tell him that there is some one prowling around down-

stairs. Explain to him that we're frightened. Regular 'agitated girl' stuff. And ask him if he'll come down and investigate. In the meantime the other four will go to the Empress' room and tell her that we think there is a man snooping around. She'll be all for hot-footing after him. Must protect our girls. Are any of you intelligent enough to see day light yet? Or may I now sit back and receive your praises?"

"Hot zigaty! Let's go!"

"Stupendous! Staggering! Thrills!"

"You're nominated for the Men's House Committee right now!"

These and other similar comments expressed the enthusiasm with which the idea was taken up. Fran's chamber sounded like a Chinese school-room as th Eight Eggs eagerly discussed the working out of the big plan. Who would go here? Who would go there? What should they say? It took about twenty minutes to get the forces arranged and the details agreed upon.

"We're away, gang. And may Heaven protect the innocent. We'll see you in the funnies," was the parting remark as four, headed by Emily, went towards the Empress' suite and the rest followed Fran in the approach upon the night-watchman.

Emily's party found the Empress had just retired, but she was up-and-at-it as soon as the situation was explained to her.

"A man prowling around here at one o'clock in the morning!" Her indignation was beyond description. "I never heard of such a thing! Keep close behind me, girls, and don't make any noise. We'll find this intruder and cook his goose properly."

The little party proceeded very quietly through the dark corridors toward the rotunda. The Empress was cautious, but not intimidated. She carried a small flashlight in her hand, and ammunition for a plus-seven tongue-lashing in her head. She was angry, and nothing else but. The four co-eds were filled with glee. The plan was working beautifully, and, in the excitement, it took a lot of will-power to suppress the titter or giggle which wanted to get free.

In the meantime, Fran's crew had interviewed the surprised watchman. This was a grave matter, and one which he felt very strongly about. The idea of a man moving about in the dark in Pembina at one a.m.! It must be a man. He was a person of action, this watchman, and it did not take him long to decide on a course of procedure.

"You girls can follow me if you like. But I'd advise you to go to your rooms. There may be some rough work on hand for me, and you'd only be in the road." With this he turned his back on the four and tip-toed down the hallway. And shortly behind him tip-toed the four.

As the Empress neared the rotunda she stopped several times, and could hear quite distinctly the stealthy tread of someone on the stairway opposite. Her finger-nails bit into the palms of her hands, and her teeth were clenched tightly together. In the growing excitement her courage was not one whit diminished. She continued her quiet advance upon the unknown prowler.

The four girls behind her also heard the noises on the other side, and were doubly delighted.

The night-watchman was no fool, and his gumshoe work was beyond reproach. The proverbial mouse could not have approached the scene more stealthily. He also stopped at intervals to listen, and was rewarded each time by hearing the sly movements of an unknown person nearby. He also had his coterie of four excited followers.

The Empress and the watchman reached the opposite sides of the rotunda at the same time. Both stopped to listen. All was quiet, except for the ticking of the big clock. First the one and then the other advanced a few steps toward the centre of the arena. Again a mutual pause. The suspense was becoming unbearable.

With the next move, each could note the vague form of the other in the darkness. Two flashlights suddenly shot their searching rays upon two startled faces.

"The Empress!"

"The night-watchman!"

In the darkness, eight merry voices were heard to chuckle, and twice as many feet went pattering down the corridors.

THE DEPARTURE OF WINTER

Once an old, old man was swaying
Down the road through tarmpled snow,
And I heard the children saying,
"Old Man Winter, you must go."

Then a little boy came running;
Snowbanks melted as he passed.
Angry Winter heard him coming,
Turned and blew a warning blast.

Hesitating, foot uplifted,
March stands rigid in the path,
When the snowbanks round him shifted,
Winter stumbled on in wrath.

March, the mischief, followed after,
Lifted high his sprinkling can.
Then, with shrieks of mirth and laughter,
Watched it soak the wicked man.

Soon old Winter's form had vanished,
Melted with the ice and snow.
On the spot where he was vanquished
Purple windflowers nod and glow.

—Mollie A. Grant.

IN A MOMENT OF DEPRESSION

(With apologies to Tom Hood)

With forehead furrowed with care,
With eyelids heavy as lead,
A teacher sat in his third-best rags,
Plying a pencil red:

Tests! Tests! Tests!

Why did I give them that?

What was the use of letting it loose—

Pages and pages on your excuse!

And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
That sank to a moan and rose to a screech,
He sang the song of that beastly pest,
By giver and taker alike unblest,
The song, in short, of the regular test!

Tests! Tests! Tests!

Another one through by a squeeze!

Tests! Tests! Tests!

And they call this a life of ease!
What the deuce is this slavery for?—

Honolulu or Zanzibar,

Tokio, Cuba or Bogota?—

Dreams of a testless paradise!

What's the use when I haven't the price?

Outside the window it's ten below.

Outside the window the wild winds blow.

Howlers without and howlers within!

Tests too thick and tests too thin!

Saturday night and I meant to rest!

Begin on another! Confound the test!

Tests! Tests! Tests!

One on another piled!

And Tests! Tests! Tests!

Oh, English undefiled!

Sentences wrong end to—

Headless, spineless, spent!

Perfectly legal brew—

One and one-half per cent.!

Why can't they write with a punch?

Why can't they think things out?

Have they the ghost of a hunch

What it is all about?

Unity, Clearness, Force—

Precepts futile and vain!

Have to keep on, of course!

Up and at it again!

B.

THE GARDEN

The pale gold moon looked tenderly down on the little forgotten garden. The faint June breeze breathed on its crumbling walls and wild confusion of flowers. The warm air was perfumed with roses and the sweetness of a narcissi. A cherry-tree, that had blossomed late, bent over the stone basin of the fountain, long since dry, dreaming, perhaps, of days when its fair whiteness had a double in the pool, and when its petals, falling gently down, floated like fairy boats on the sparkling water.

On a stone pedestal which stood between two sweeping birch-trees at the end of the garden lay a little faun, asleep. His cool white cheek was pillowed on his arm; his pan-pipes lay at his side where he had dropped them as he fell asleep. The climbing roses on the wall dropped long tendrils over him. A red rose brushed his head, and a red rose rested over his heart. He had slept thus for a hundred years, but whether he was imprisoned by a spell, or no, I cannot tell.

A cherry-blossom, wafted by the wind, dropped on his cheek, and as it touched him a faint flush rose on his face. He stirred and smiled in his sleep. The breeze moved the rose that rested on his head, and as it brushed across his eyes he awoke. But whether the breeze, the cherry-blossom and the rose had broken a spell, or no, I cannot tell.

When the little faun opened his eyes he was not quite sure where he was. He lay gazing at the golden moon, the roses and the narcissi with half-closed eyes, the last reluctant wisps of lovely dreams floating across his mind. He rubbed one of his little pointed ears in a bewildered way, and sat up. As he did so his hand touched his pipes, and he

lifted them to his lips. Softly, gently, hesitatingly he blew upon them, searching for the hidden memory of music. A low note, very quiet, suggestive of perfumes and flowers and vague beauty, yet very wistfully questioning withal, stole out into the night.

The little gray mouse who lived in the wall came to her door with that wistful call ringing in her ears and tugging at her heart. A brown rabbit on his way to a patch of juicy young cabbage paused at a corner of the garden looking in through a large breach in the crumbling stone wall and wondering at that note of music. A little barn owl, as he flew in long graceful swoops, heard the faun's pipes, and hung in mid-air, waiting for a repetition of the call.

But the faun paid no heed; that single questioning note had recalled a flood of pleasant memories—little wild strains of music, wind-haunted forest glades, sunny meadows and fragrant gardens. With his lips parted in a half-smile, his eyes raised to the pale gold moon, and the myriad perfumes of the garden in his nostrils, he sat waiting for the supreme memory which he knew must come. Suddenly, with a curiously exultant movement, he raised his pipes to his lips and began to play. It was a joyous lilting tune he played, a mischievous, capering thing. All the joy of the world was given voice in that moment, the exultation of spring, the first robin's song, the laughter of brooks, the murmur of rivers and the whisper of wind among the trees.

The little gray mouse stepped out of her door and crept toward the faun, drawn irresistibly by the magic of the song. The little brown rabbit jumped

through the breach in the crumbling wall and hopped softly towards the faun, oblivious of all save the sweetness of the music. The little barn owl sailed gently down, not a beat of his wings breaking in on that wildest of songs. A pretty red fox on his way to a distant farm-yard turned from his path and obeying the mysterious call drew near to the faun. But the little piper played on unheedingly. Vague, lovely memories crowded his mind. All the while the red rose caressed his head, his soft child-like body swayed with the music, and his little shoulders brushed the violets at the foot of his pedestal. Still he played on, while a little circle of animals sat spellbound before him, and the very narcissi leaned towards him.

Then suddenly the flow of music stopped. The spell was broken. With a start, the little mouse discovered that she had been sitting between the fox and the owl, and rushed away in panic. The memory of those luscious cabbages assailed the rabbit, and the fox remembered a certain fat hen of which he knew. The faun leaned back against the wall. He was tired. The red rose brushed his eyes as he lay slowly down, pillowing his head on his arm. A shower of cherry-blossoms fell upon him, and he was asleep.

The pale gold moon sailed on to the horizon. The trailing roses from the wall lay at the faun's head and heart. The cherry-tree bent over the stone basin of the fountain, dropping her petals like tears for lost memories. The marble faun lay pale and cold between the weeping-birch trees.

—Carman Dixon Craig.

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